

## Sealed With A Kiss by LadyFrAndrews

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**Summary:**

"Though we've got to say goodbye for the summer  
Darling, I promise you this  
I'll send you all my love everyday in a letter"  
-Sealed With A Kiss

Some of Billy's letters to Steve over the summer.  
He's a bit of a sap...like a lot.

I tried y'all.

## Sealed With A Kiss

### Author's Note:

I'm prefacing this with my opinion: I ship these idiot boys, but that's only in fanfics. I'm not one of those people that's all, my ships need to be canon. I'm not about that life.

I love how much an asshole Billy's character is. Do I condone his behavior? Nah, son, not even remotely. Do I dig his character? Fuck yes I do.

This came to me whilst jammin' to the Solid Gold Oldie music channel on my tv, and "Sealed With A Kiss" came on and I was immediately in love with the song, and these two idiots came to mind.

x-x-x-x—x-x-x-x

My darling,

I told you I'd write you every day I'm away from you. I know you're probably laughing at me, but I can't help it. I'm an asshole, but I'm a romantic one, and I haven't felt like this for anyone before. Laugh it up, I'll only tell you again tomorrow though.

It's beautiful here, but all I can think about is you.

How much I want you to be here with me. How much I want to hold you in my arms, and share sea salt kisses with sand between our toes. Kiss you atop the ferris-wheel at the boardwalk.

I wish nothing more than to show you the sunset over the ocean; how the sky is painted so many beautiful colors, and then again as they paint a new day at sunrise the following morning.

I hate that our first summer together is being spent apart. Your last one before going off to college in the fall; you know I'd follow you to the ends of the earth, right? I would.

I know you tell me that you'll wait for me to finish school, before we run away and live the rest of our lives together, but I'm terrified that you'll meet some nice Holly Homemaker while at college and forget all about me, your high school senior.

You know I'd do that for you right, be your housewife? I'd make sure you never had to lift a finger to clean up our place, nor would you ever come home without a meal waiting for you on the table. I'd even wear a stupid frilly apron if you wanted. Maybe some nights, just the apron, and some nights, done up all pretty for you. Only, and always, just for you.

Fuck, I just miss you. I miss feeling you breathing beside me as we drift off to sleep. I miss your stupid hair in my face as you shuffle around when you wake up. You take forever to wake up in the morning and I love it.

And that goddamn smile that lights up my life, shit, your smile puts this view to shame.

It's only been six weeks since I got to kiss your lips. Feel your heartbeat with the palms of my hands.

I told you that you've turned me into the biggest sap on this goddamn planet.

I'll probably get off thinking about you tonight. I've done it at least eleven times now. And it's not what you're thinking either. I'm not thinking about those quick moments stolen in the back seat of our cars, or out at the quarry. Or how sometimes I sink to my knees for you in the bathrooms at random parties and you make my jaw hurt in the best kind of ways.

No, I think about those slow moments we get to have, hidden away in your bedroom. Where I can worship every inch of your body, and you cherish every inch of mine; where we don't care who gives and takes because it's always, always an even compromise.

I have to go, but I don't want to. I wish you were here. Or I was there; definitely there, because that's where you are.

Yours,

-B

X-X-X-X—X-X-X-X

Dearest,

He's gone. Grandpa died last night, or rather at like 3am this morning.

The whole reason I'm on the other side of this country, away from you, because for once in his life, my old man wanted to have a family bonding experience as his old man died.

This fucking sucks.

He did tell me, a few weeks ago, that he's proud of me, and happy I found the kind of love he got to have with my grams.

Can you believe that? We got lucky to find each other so young, Princess.

People dream their whole lives for the kind of love we have, and here we are, on the verge of adulthood, and we've already found each other.

How did I get so lucky?

I am so unworthy of your love.

You're so genuine and pure, and fuck, I just miss you.

He, he was a hard ass, not quite like my old man, but that kind of fatherly behavior stems from example, war, and a shitload of alcohol.

I caught my old man crying too. He didn't see me, but I hated seeing him cry.

He's a fucking monster who doesn't deserve to feel bad about anything.

I'm sorry love; here I am wasting lines and ink about my old man, when I should be telling you how much I miss you.

Grams would've loved you. Hindsight, I wish you could've met her, or at the very least, Grandpa.

He knows you're a boy.

He said it didn't matter.

We're in love and I'm happy, and that's all that matters.

And I do, I fucking love you so goddamn much it scares me.

I heard him call out Grams' name close to the end.

And he got the biggest smile I'd ever seen on him, like she was there and waiting for him to go with her.

It got me thinking, I want that.

With you.

Growing old together, making a place our own—our HOME.

I'd have to die first because there's no way I could survive as long as Grandpa did without Grams.

Twenty years is a long time to be without the one you love.

Shit, these last few weeks have been hell for me.

How the fuck am I going to survive you at college?

But you'll be closer than California.

We can visit on weekends, when you're free and not bombarded with homework or projects. And I'm not too busy with basketball season.

Shit, Baby, I think we could actually do this.

Spend the rest of our lives together.

I used to never think long term.

But you, you've changed me—for the better too.

I know you had no idea that this is what you were getting yourself into when you agreed to give me a chance.

Fuck, sweetheart, I'm so fucking glad you did though.

I'm going to say something and you can take it however you want, and if it's too much, too soon, you tell me and I'll never say another word about it, okay?

I found the place that I'd want to bring you, to share all of me with you, and to ask you to spend the rest of our lives together.

You'd love it too.

I'd make sure to have it set up nicely, a picnic because I know you secretly love them.

I'd make sure to have some of your favorite things, really make it special for you.

And when you finally understood that what was happening was an important moment in our lives, that's when I'd get to my knees, and tell you just how much you mean to me, and how much I'd love for nothing more than to spend the rest of our lives together.

You'd probably cry, and then laugh, and I'd call you an asshole, but then you'd finally notice the ring, my mom's, and you'd tackle me to the ground and press kisses all over my face as you said yes, over and over and over again.

Shit, I'm sorry.

That might've been too much, but I've got a lot of emotions flowing right now.

I miss you so much, and I could really use one of your hugs, and

really just your comforting presence right now.

Death puts things into perspective I guess, and you and me, we're no exception to that notion.

I would though, I'd marry the fuck out of you, darling.

I ran into some old friends of mine, they invited me to hang out with them later today. I could use the distraction while the old man sets up the funeral arrangements and shit.

They'd love you, you know.

They'd laugh at me for bringing someone like you here, because they'd know you have always been my type.

The sun's rising, and again, I wish I could have you here with me.

I bet you'd look radiant in a California sunrise.

Always,

-B

**x-x-x-x—x-x-x-x**

My heart,

I fucked up. I fucked up so badly. If you hate me and never speak to me again, I'll understand.

Just know that I am sorry. So fucking sorry.

I'M SO FUCKING SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

SORRY.

I'm sorry it's taken me five days to send you another letter, but I can't find the words to express to you how much you should hate me.

I let someone else touch me. Kiss me.

She had your smile, and her eyes were the same shade of brown, and her hair, fuck me, I thought it was you and my body just, no, I should stop while I can.

You don't want to hear about my deepest regret. My dumbest mistake.

I thought about wading out into the ocean and just letting the currents take me. That way I'd never have to disappoint you ever again. Your world would be better off without me in it.

Let you down because you gave me your heart, and I worked so hard for you to trust me with it.

ME.

You LOVE me.

So fucking much.

Someone like me should know better than to expect love, like you give so freely, to be a constant in my life.

She's not worth it. She wasn't.



I screamed that in her face the next morning when we woke up.

She cried. She thought I was someone else too.

I told her to fuck off and then I hurried back to the house and cried for hours.

What had I done?

I'd let myself see some old friends, and it was so easy to fall back into old habits.

Baby , I told you my demons would destroy you, and I let them.

I'm not making excuses for my shitty behavior. I'm just, I want to be honest, and it's the least you deserve.

In the next morning's light, her hair wasn't as dark as yours, and her eyes were hazel, not brown like yours, and her mouth, so fucking not YOURS.

One fucking moment of weakness and I fucked up everything we've built together.

I won't even try to ask for forgiveness, I know it's something that I don't deserve. Not from you.

If this is it though, our goodbye, our "The End," I just, PLEASE know that you will forever have my heart. No one else will ever compare to you, nor will they ever come close to you.

-B

**X-X-X-X—X-X-X-X**

Hello Love,

I'm not sure if I wrote this in time, not before you head off to college. The kids wrote Max, and let it slip that you were heading out early.

You really were going to wait for me.

You were going to wait until September before heading out, just to see me before you left.

I'm so fucking sorry. You will never know how much.

I know it's selfish of me to ask that you read this to the very end, but it's my last request I'll ever ask of you.

I know I don't deserve any of your time.

Not after what I did.

The kids tell Max that you're the new Zombie Boy.

Did I do that to you?

Did I destroy your beautiful soul?

Did I break your heart?

Fuck, I'm no better than that Wheeler girl.

You're not bullshit. I'm bullshit.

I just, I had to write you one last time. I know you've ignored all the others, or at the very least you haven't written back since that one letter announcing how much of a fuck up I really am.

God, you tried so fucking hard to light up my life with your good heart, and benevolent love that was just for me.

And you did, so fucking much.

I'm killing a lot of moods out here.

Or so I'm told whenever we go out.

I'm carrying around my own storm cloud apparently. I deserve worse.

Max knows. She'll probably give you a hug, just let her okay? It's from her, not from me.

I'd never ask that of either of you.

She slapped me in the face when I finally told her what happened.

I just want you to know that I believe in you. So fucking much.

You're going to do so great at college. You're so fucking smart, smarter than you give yourself credit for.

You'll be amazing.

If, and I know it's asking a lot, especially from me, but if, fuck, if you find it in your beautiful heart to forgive me, and you still mean to meet me in September, I'll be there. Every night until school starts, and if you don't show, I'll understand and these will truly be the last words I ever say to you.

I deserve nothing less than your hatred, and your silence.

I will love you for the rest of my days.

-B

**x-x-x-x—x-x-x-x**

Sweetheart,

I know I said I'd never write to you again, but I lied.

I can't quit you. I don't know how.

I don't fucking want to either.

Except if I never actually send this letter to you, you'll never have to know I broke my promise of never writing you again.

I've been home from summer for four days, and each night I've come to our spot.

Our designated meeting place.

You haven't shown.

I know you haven't left yet, Max told me she and the kids got the play Monopoly with you the night we got back.

I want to hate her, but I can only hate myself.

I also want you to know that all 64 letters I wrote, well this makes 65, I, I've kissed each and every one before sending them out.

I don't think I ever told you that.

Shit, I see headlights approaching, but I can't make out if they're your car or not. I only want your company, but I know that's a moot point now.

I guess my old man's right, I'm worthless, and I just fuck shit up because I don't know any better.

Fuck, it's you.